

BINGHAM
&
THOMPSON
Real Estate and
Insurance
COTTAGES for RENT.
Best and Strongest
Companies.

SEE
HARRIS
The Photographer
FOR
Permanent Portraits
and Views
Studio, Beach St.
Opp. So. Bridge

THE FINEST
BATHS
ON EARTH
FOR MEN AND WOMEN
LILY WATER
The Best Water for Toilet Use
ELECTRIC LIGHT
PLANT

Over Clark's Store
EYES EXAMINED FREE
Neville H. Clark
OPTICIAN


SOME
SNAPS IN LOTS
—AT—
ORMOND

Phone 69
Toilet
Waters and
Perfumes
Kudnut's Piver's Pinard's
Ricksecker's Colgate's
Roger & Gallet's
ATWOOD PHARMACY
W. MAXWELL HANKINS
Proprietor

See
S. B. GREEN
FOR
Galvanized Tanks.

MASONS ELECT THEIR OFFICERS.

Installation Takes Place on St. John's Day.

District Deputy Grand Master Pays

X Lodge an Official Visit.

An official visit was paid the local order of Masons last evening, by District Deputy Grand Master Scott Hodgkin, of DeLand, and the evening was pleasantly spent in electing and appointing officers for the ensuing year.

A sumptuous supper was served, which was thoroughly enjoyed.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing term.

Master—C. S. Harris.
Senior Warden—W. G. Hobbs.

Junior Warden—Wm. H. Byne.

Treasurer—F. T. Peck.

Secretary—A. H. Carter.

The officers appointed were:

Senior Deacon—A. A. Buck.

Junior Deacon—Grant Maloon.

Senior Steward—W. A. Gove.

Junior Steward—Charles Kost.

Tyler—W. H. Furr.

The installation will take place on St. John's Day, Wednesday, Dec. 27.

Scott Hodgkin, of DeLand, District Deputy Grand Master of the Fourteenth District of the Masonic body of Florida, arrived in Daytona yesterday afternoon.

The steamer Princess Isena, which is now at the headwaters of the Tomoko river, is being put in condition and will be taken to Ormond about January 1.

A Poem for Today

THE LOST LEADER

By Robert Browning



ROBERT BROWNING wrote this poem in a spirit of fervid republicanism when he was thirty years old. Wordsworth, to whom there is reference in the verses, was in his youth an ardent republican, but later became a Tory and accepted a position as stamp distributor under the government. He was also port literature for a few years. Browning was anxious to express his resentment at what he considered Wordsworth's defection from the cause of liberty.

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote.
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver;
So much was theirs who so little allowed,
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags, were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We, that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the frenzied,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!
We shall march prospering—not through his presence;
Songs may inspire us—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done, while he loasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire,
Blot out his name, then; record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devil's triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins. Let him never come back to us,
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight;
Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well—for we taught him—strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

O, the Christmas tree,
So bright and green,
awaits Old Santa Claus.
And the chimney place, all swept and clean,
gaps wide its ponderous jaws. The little stockings are all hung up, and baby's just made four. Won't Old Santa Claus be surprised when he finds there is no more? There's an elegant place up in the tree to hang Johnny's gun, and a place for May, and one for Kate to leave their dolls upon. But for little baby blue eyes a lower branch he must choose, where she may reach and find the place he's hung her first new shoes. Turn down the light a little, now, so Old Santa Claus can see. And baby and all must go to bed, and be as good as good can be, and tomorrow morn get up early, after a long night's sleep and a cold softly down to the Xmas tree, And see who gets the first peep.

SPEEDING OF AUTOMOBILES.

Many Machines Already in Daytona.

—Keep Within the Limit and You Will Not Be Arrested.

Now that the season is approaching and automobiles are coming to the city in large numbers, it will be well for the machine owners to abide by the law and remain within the speed limit of ten miles per hour.

Within the past few days a Daily News representative has seen several machines speeding down Ridgewood and Beach streets at a good clip. No time of them was kept, but it is safe to say that they were exceeding the limit.

Marshal Zuber is going to see that the law is enforced and if machine owners persist in breaking the law, arrests will follow.

ANOTHER DARING ASSAULT.

Miss Carpenter Brutally Attacked at Coconut Grove.—Bold Attempt at Crime Committed.

Close on the heels of the Sledge murder of Monday night, and within forty-eight hours thereafter, a vicious attack was made on Miss Daisy Carpenter, a well known young lady at her own home in Coconut Grove, Wednesday evening.

Having occasion to step to the back porch of the residence, she paused a moment, and was alarmed to see a man step from behind a tree, not ten feet from where she was standing.

Before she could utter a syllable or call out, the man seized her and attempted to drag her off the porch.

At this she screamed, and her mother and sister who were within the house, and only a few feet away, came to her rescue.

The scoundrel, in the meantime, had pulled her a few feet away from the house, and in the struggle had torn the sleeve of her waist and almost demolished that garment.

Hearing the approach of her mother and sister the villain fled through the orange grove and disappeared.

Miss Carpenter suffered a severe shock from the ordeal and finally collapsed from the nervous effects of the fright received.

A posse has been out hunting for the assailant, but he cannot be found.

Will Build Houseboat.

Geo. P. Duncan, of Connecticut, Wednesday purchased from the Merchant's Bank a forty foot boat, which he proposes to fit up and use as a houseboat. Mr. Duncan has had much experience with crafts of all kinds, and knows how to handle one in an expert manner.

Mr. Duncan recently sailed a launch up the St. John's River for over two hundred miles and he reports having encountered many attacks with the boat, the engine breaking down in numerous instances. Upon returning down the St. John's River, he sold the launch to Gay Brothers, of Palatka, at a considerable less than what he paid for it.

Mr. Duncan recently made a trip down the east coast, and he is charmed with the attractions of Daytona.

Wade H. Jones arrived in Daytona yesterday, from Titusville.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

As birds to sun-land wing their way in blithesome bevy and with song, so from the gift-hand, Christmas Day, flow tokens that life's joys prolong. The season's symbol, like a charm, wish and delight is interlocking; and plainest gifts the heart will warm be they but found within a stocking.

Time can destroy the dearest whim; the sweetest joy age can bedim; but on life's way all love to pause each year a day with Santa Claus. Tho' heads be bowed with weight of years, and onward crowd life's saddening cares, the merrily turns at Christmas tide in grooves of childhood's joys to guide.

Then hang the stockings—great and small: Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for toy to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts.

PALMETTO CLUB MEETS.

Birds Was the Subject of a Very Interesting Meeting Held Thursday at the

Daytona Opera House.

The second meeting of the Palmetto club was held yesterday in the Opera House. The program for the afternoon was called "Bird Day," and was opened by a flute obligato, "Pretty Birds," by Mr. Sengstak, which was loudly encored and to which he graciously responded with a "Bird Song."

The first paper was "Birds," by Mrs. Annie C. Jones, which was listened to attentively and received many compliments. Miss Elizabeth Wood then sang in her sweet clear voice, "The Bird and the Rose," accompanied by Mrs. Bohan-

non; the encore was Noddinger's "Robin," which was also very sweetly rendered. The next was a paper on "Extinct Birds of Florida," by Dr. Edith R. Brush, in which she described several birds that are seen no more, closing with the Pink Curlew, whose plumage has been used for millinery purposes until it has become, like the White Heron, almost extinct. It was a very fine paper. The program closed with a flute obligato by Mr. Sengstak, accompanied by Miss Robinson.

Miss Gail Moore is here from school to spend the holidays with relatives.

James J. Hennessey, of Palatka, is spending today in Daytona.

A Poem for Today

TRUE FREEDOM, AND HOW TO GAIN IT

By Charles Mackay



We want no flag, no shouting rag.
For Liberty to fight;
We want no blaze of murderous guns
To struggle for the right.
Our spears and swords are printed words,
The mind our battle plain.
We've won such victories before,
And so we shall again.

We love no triumph sprung of force—
They stain her brightest cause,
'Tis not in blood that Liberty
Inscribes her civil laws.
She writes them on the people's heart
In language clear and plain.
True thoughts have moved the world before,
And so they shall again.

We yield no more in earnest love
Of freedom's cause sublime;
We join the cry, "Fraternity!"
We keep the march of time.
And yet we grasp nor pike nor spear
Our victories to obtain.
We've won without their aid before,
And so we shall again.

We want no aid of barricade
To show a front to wrong;
We have a citadel in truth
More durable and strong.
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith,
Have never striven in vain.
They've won our battles many a time,
And so they shall again.

Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood—
The ignorant may sneer,
The bad deny, but we rely
To see their triumph near.
No widows' groans shall load our cause,
No blood of brethren slain.
We've won without such aid before,
And so we shall again.



Gloves, Neckwear, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs,

all useful, and will be appreciated by your friends Christmas.

See our Stock before buying.

“ANTHONY'S”

South Beach Street,

Daytona, Florida.